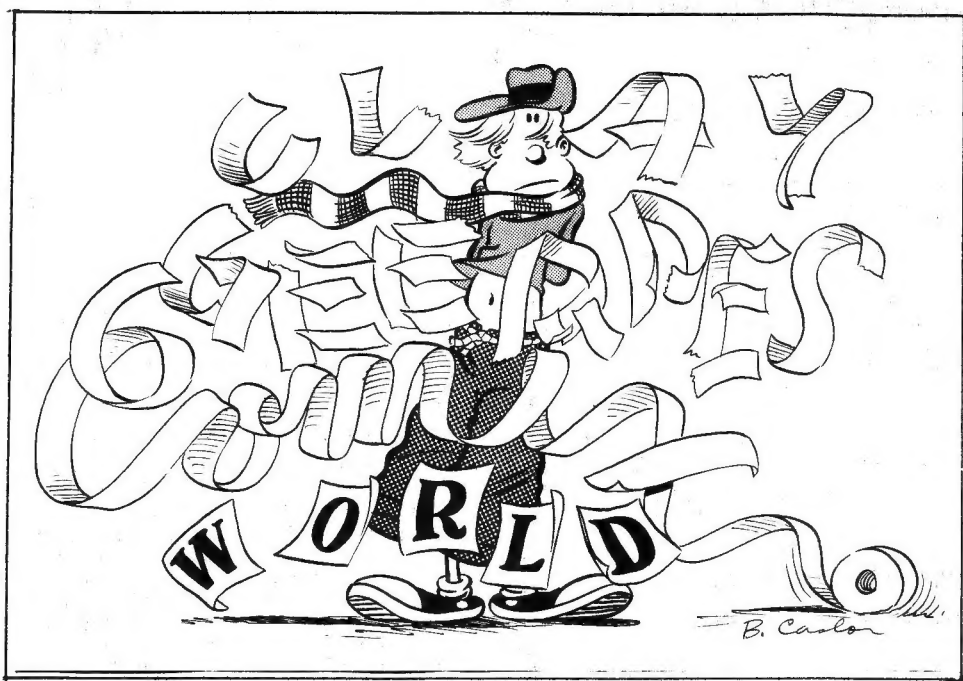
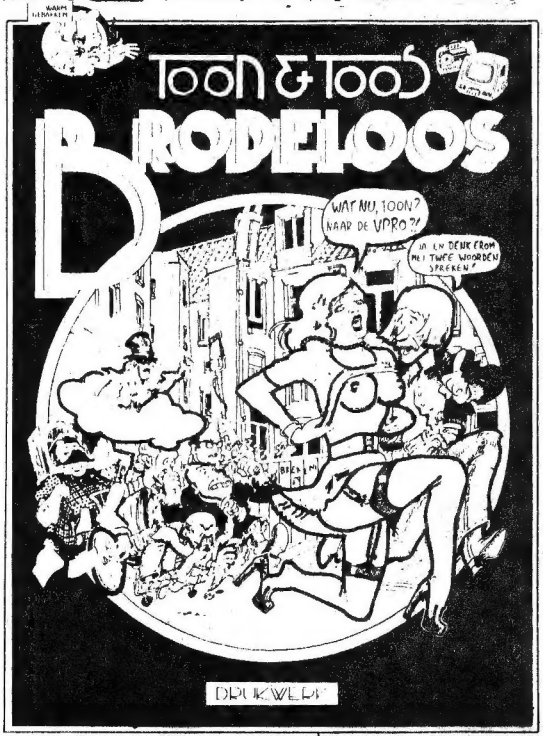


COMIX WORLD 83. November 1, 1977. Copyrt by Clay Geerdes. 915 Indian Rock Road. Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Logo by Brad Caslor. Subs: $5 for 24. A set of back issues 50-80 while they last for $5. Copy of Underground '76 tab $1.*
A few historical footnotes: Kim Deitch's Sunshine Girl was born in East Village Other, March 1, 1967. Spain's "Emperor's New Clothes" (panel of Lyndon Johnson) in EVO, June 1, 1967. Trina's first published drawing was an ad for her boutique Broccoli which appeared in EVO July 1, '67 and was expanded to become Broccolistrip on Oct.1, 1967. A second strip ran Oct. 15, 1967. Deitch's cat Waldo appeared first in Kat Komics, three panels in EVO, October 1, 1967. Crumb's "Edgar and Marijane Crump" ran in the same issue. Spain's "Past on Parade," the origin of the Cyborgs, the machines with human brains, in EVO, Oct. 1, 1967, p. 12. "Head Comix" in EVO, Nov. 1, 1967 & Mr. Natural on Dec. 15, 1967, p. 20. The first ZAP was published February 24, 1968.* American artists interested in publishing German reprints of their work may contact Ray Martin, 8531 Linden, Nurnberg, Germany. Ray and his friends live on a collective farm. He says he has the only male goat around so everyone has to bring their females in for servicing each year. The money goes into publishing comix!*

TO BE OR NOT TO BE . . . VIOLENT. THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER FROM OISIF EGAUX, BETTER KNOWN AS CLIFFORD NEAL, PUBLISHER OF DR. WIRTHAM'S COMIX AND STORIES: "My own feeling is that undergrounds aren't undergrounds unless they tread all over taboos. Comix are the ideal medium for treading on taboos since they're read by kids just when their heads are being programmed with the whole set of "adult" good/bad taboos. Trying to use the comics to make "relevant" comments about society without treading on taboos is a waste of the medium and just won't make it. If you want to take that approach, you'll never reach the level of any of Ring Lardner's stuff done in different medium years ago. I've been reading Claude Levy Strauss' (my favorite guy next to Max Ernst (and lately Donald Westlake)) Tristes Tropiques. He makes some comments about anthropology/anthropologists which I think apply to comix/ug artists. He's sitting in the middle of Brazil and says to himself: "Why the hell am I wasting my time out here in the jungle rot checking out these ignorant, dirty savages when I should be studying my own (French) society. What use is this?" and his conclusion is that by studying other radically different societies you can develop a much more objective view of your own society. You develop a point of view where you don't accept your own society's rules, taboos, assumptions, customs, etc., for granted without thinking about what's behind them or why they exist. Most are ridiculous, but perversely functional, when analyzed. And here you have artists doing "sexist" "violent" stories and everybody's down on it, not only Stan Lee and Jenette Kahn, but Clay Geerdes and Lyn Chevli, too. What's the use in doing this ignorant, dirty stuff? Why not do non-violent, non-sexist stuff? Only by ignoring the taboos and rules that are set up can you develop a fresh view of things, see the emperor without his clothes, etc. So, Comix World, stop with the propaganda, whenever comix sit on your pet peeves. Stand up for experiment and lack of censorship." Neal sees Tviolence as a "homogenized attempt to co-opt any really radical stuff by flooding everyone with a pasteurized version." "What's acceptable changes quickly now-a-days. Larry Flynt sits on the edge that Hugh Hefner used to sit on before it left him behind. The edge keeps moving, making millionaires out of a new set of assholes." 9-28-77. Did I ever say I was opposed to sexism and violence in the media? Fact is, I'm not. Too often a writer's reportage of feelings and trends will become confused with his own opinion and maybe this is what happened here. I hear the women talking about "sexist this and that" and I have followed the long battle against Tviolence in Variety and I understand what's going on. Let me say this, the great literature from Homer's Iliad, The Bible, down to Shakespeare's tragedies and the novels of Dostoyevsky is a mixture of violence and pathos. More recently, one reads the literature of feminism and finds it just as violent (Susan Brownmiller's book on rape was the most violent book I ever read, filled with long, lurid descriptions of brutality and rape that went far beyond any scholarly point she was making.). I don't think it's possible to be non-sexist or non-violent in American culture, though some may express this as an ideal state. I believe aesthetic violence to be cathartic and a necessity in a competitive, frustrated culture. I think the same is true of pornography. It arose and prospered in the seventies because it fills a need. In my experience the antis are ultra-violent. I have seen the rage and latent murder on their faces at many rallies in the sixties. As for the comix, I see them without a common goal these days, without the purpose that called them into being in the sixties; they are, en fin, commercial products like their Eastern counterparts with very few exceptions. As satire or parody, they can't hold a candle to slick sex magazines like Hustler and High Society. * Write in. Have your say.

INKT 7 has the Wolverton & Cole material & is $4 cash from Evert Geradts or Drukwerk, P. O. Box 1675, Amsterdam, Netherlands. TOON (below) is $5. Great stuff.



OBSCURE UNDERGROUND UP FOR BID!!

WHOLE WHEAT #1 is a significant ug title from the East that came out early in '77 and nearly slipped into oblivion. (less than 30 collectors have a copy!) It's a solid 1st effort & every collector that's seen it has recognized it as an enjoyable ug title. #2 is due out soon & will drive up demand for #1 when it does. There are less than 150 left. I'd prefer to trade for other comix but will consider any reasonable offer on a 1st come, 1st serve basis. Include a SASE & age statement. Bruce Sweeney, 82 Waltham St., Boston Ma. 02118

ATTENTION COMIC ART COLLECTORS:
CHECK OUT THIS...

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AS WEALTHY COLLECTORS OF HIGHLY VALUABLE HIGH QUALITY COMIC ART ARE AWARE, **JAY LYNCH'S** ORIGINAL ARTWORK IS EXTREMELY HARD, IF NOT VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE, TO OBTAIN. LYNCH HAS HELD ON TO 90% OF HIS OUTPUT OF UNDERGROUND COMIX ORIGINALS. THOSE FEW PAGES HE **HAS** RELUCTANTLY SOLD HAVE GONE ONLY TO WEALTHY COLLECTORS, AT PRICES RANGING FROM $200 TO $750 PER PAGE.

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YES, FRIENDS! YOU HEARD US CORRECTLY! BY EXCLUSIVE ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. LYNCH, WE ARE OFFERING **YOU** THE CHANCE TO CONVERT ONE OF YOUR COMMON EVERYDAY **BANK CHECKS** INTO A VALUABLE JAY LYNCH OBJECT D' ART! SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, YOU CAN'T AFFORD **NOT** TO OWN ONE OF THESE PRICELESS ONE-OF-A-KIND ARTIFACTS, WHICH COMMEMORATES AN ACTUAL BUSINESS TRANSACTION BETWEEN JAY LYNCH AND YOU! AND IT WILL ONLY COST YOU **THREE BUCKS!** SOUNDS INCREDIBLE, BUT WE ASSURE YOU, IT'S TRUE!

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SIMPLY MAIL A CHECK FOR THREE DOLLARS TO JAY LYNCH AT THE ADDRESS GIVEN BELOW. MAKE YOUR CHECK PAYABLE TO JAY LYNCH. DO **NOT** SEND CASH OR MONEY-ORDERS! MR. LYNCH WILL THEN ENDORSE AND CASH YOUR CHECK, NATURALLY— BUT IN THE SPACE ABOVE HIS SIGNATURE, ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHECK, HE WILL DRAW AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF HIS POPULAR UNDERGROUND COMIX CHARACTER **NARD**, SIMILAR TO THE DRAWING DEPICTED HERE. →

WHEN YOUR BANK RETURNS YOUR CANCELED CHECK TO YOU, YOU WILL HAVE—ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHECK—A VALUABLE LYNCH ORIGINAL AT A PRICE THAT'S EASY ON YOUR POCKETBOOK! THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON FEBRUARY 1ST, 1978—AND IT MAY NOT BE REPEATED. SO **ACT NOW!** SEND YOUR CHECK TO:

JAY LYNCH, DEPT X-1
3506 MERCHANDISE MART STATION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60654

WH--WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?
I SIMPLY INNOCULATED YOUR BODY WITH THE CAPACITY TO CONFORM TO THE LEVEL OF YOUR MIND---AND YOU HAVE THE MIND OF A FIEND!

GUNS
HALLO CHARLEY... YES I'M ME... SAY... YEAH I KNOW IT'S EARLY BUT I JUST WANTED TO SAY... NO... I JUST WANTED TO SAY THANKS AN' GOODBYE! I'M QUITTIN ... NO... I'VE GOT A GUN!

BASIL WOLVERTON. MID PANELS FROM SWAMP MONSTER

Below: STORY OF JACK COLE. INKT #7

NOT ALL IT'S QUACKED UP TO BE . . . Mike Friedrich likes to use the inside covers of his Star*Reach productions to hype his own product and talk about his stable of artists in glowing terms (rarely deserved). In QUACK 5, e.g., he praises Mike Gilbert, who, he says, "has developed his story-telling ability tremendously from his early work in this magazine," which may be a way of skirting around what Gilbert is still doing, that is, borrowing most of his story and visual techniques from Will Eisner's Spirit. The Wraith is a funny animal Spirit, Mulchberry is Dolan, Ivory Snow functions like Ebony, etc. The story in Quack 5 is a direct swipe of a Spirit story combined with some borrowed Jules Verne (Island of Dr. Moreau, people into animals bit) via C. C. Beck's Dr. Sivana (who first used a ray gun to turn people into animals). The ending (mad scientist destroyed when his evil invention backfires against him) is the biggest cliché in comic books. The tone is uneven, neither slice-of-life realism nor dada--If it's parody, one may ask, of what? On page 10, Mike has his people-cum-animals tee-heeing all over a page. Many are photo-cuts (a technique which was interesting when it was being done in experimental films circa 1965 or perhaps even earlier in Kurtzman's HELP!). On page 5, The Wraith is reading by lamplight and the page is nearly black yet it's snowing outside and the room is lit by a skylight? This is for adults? For $1.25?

GETTING BACK TO YOU, BOB... PEOPLE ARE SAYING THAT YOUR RECENT CARTOONS CAN'T COMPARE WITH THE BRILLIANT WORK OF YOURS THAT WE ALL GOT HIGH OFF OF BACK IN THE LATE 'SIXTIES... PEOPLE ARE SAYING THAT YOU'VE LOST YOUR VISION... THAT YOU WERE A FLASH IN THE PAN...
THEY ARE?
©R. CRUMB 1977

Another chapter in the never-ending saga of "R. Crumb VS The Clone" in November's HIGH TIMES, this painful primal session in full-color. Again Crumb draws himself as the poor misunderstood recluse being brow-beaten by a crass neophyte intellectual who gets his kicks by deflating 60s culture heroes. The interviewer's criticisms of Crumb are valid and none of them are refuted by Crumb's neurotic, tax-oppressed comic self. The creator of ZAP COMIX is as honest about himself as Henry Miller (in his Tropic of Cancer days in 1930's Paris). As an artist, however, he used to draw stories that were valid beyond his own personal psychological hang-ups, while these days he proclaims himself as a man who hates the modern world (see Co-evolution Quarterly, Fall, '77) and prefers to play old-fashioned music with his friends rather than deal with it. Well, it's certainly his prerogative to drop out of comix if he wishes, but why then does he keep dropping comic confessions on his readers? I can't buy that story about him needing the money, because HIGH TIMES just doesn't pay that well and if he needed money he could get a much higher fee from a magazine like PLAYBOY. Or would that be a sell-out? Story is going around that Crumb got good offers from mags like PLAYBOY several years ago and told them NO so they won't let him in now. Well, times change. Early ug artists like Skip Williamson and Jay Lynch do regular work for PLAYBOY, OUI, and HUSTLER these days (See PLAYBOY'S FUNNIES, Nov., '77). Oh, well, to each his own.

BUT YOU HAVE TO KEEP CRANKING IT OUT, DON'T YOU, BOB... VISION OR NO VISION... BECAUSE YOUR EGO IS SO BIG, YOU THINK ANY OLD THING YOU DO IS PRETTY DOGGONE GREAT, ISN'T THAT SO??
PROBABLEE...
DON'T TOUCH ME!
©R. CRUMB. 1977.